A SKETCH

FROM

THE LANDSCAPE,

A DIDACTIC POEM.

ADDRESSED TO

R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A WORD TO UVEDALE PRICE, ESQ.

by John Matthews Esq

11632.g.26

A Sketch,

from

The Landscape,

a Didactic Poem.

Addressed to R. P. Knight Esq.r

with Notes, Illustrations, and a

POSTSCRIPT.

LONDON,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE notice taken of the Sketch, in the ſecond edition of the Landſcape, requires ſome acknowledgement. The conciliatory Poſtſcript, ſo indignantly received by Mr. KNIGHT, was intended to ſhow that it was poſſible to hold up to ridicule the dogmas of an author, without loſing the reſpect due to him as a man. The event proves how vain it is to make ſuch a diſtinction. Well have the votaries of the Muſes been called an *irritable race.* They have the qualities of the Senſitive Plant, or rather thoſe of the Dionæa Muſcipula, and woe be to the critical fly which dares to fix upon one of their leaves.* The Writer of the Sketch, being a bard of an inferior order, may claim a privilege of poſſeſſing a greater portion of *ſang froid;* if no other kind of humour be allowed him, he is determined not to loſe his *good* humour. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. K. ſhould take ſo much pains to prove that he is not

* The leaves of the Dionæa Muſcipula, or Venus's fly trap, are armed with ſharp ſpines. The unlucky inſect who ventures on this irritable plant is immediately encloſed and pierced on every ſide. See a particular account of it in Darwin's Loves of the Plants.

angry, as his manner of expreſſing his contempt certainly raiſes the idea of Sir Fretful in the play.

The charge of borrowing from Mr. MASON is poſitively denied by Mr. K. He declares that he never read the Engliſh Garden. The aſſertion of a man of honour muſt be credited. One paſſage only from each of theſe Poets is given below, not to ſupport the accuſation, but to juſtify the ſuſpicion. It was ſcarcely poſſible to have conceived a Profeſſor ſitting down in his dictatorial chair to teach the world how to create landſcape, who could be ſo perfectly ſatisfied with his own notions as not to wiſh to know what had been ſaid before on the ſame ſubject in one of the moſt beautiful poems in the Engliſh language. The Writer of the

ENGLISH GARDEN, Book 1ſt.

——————— Generous youth
Whoe'er thou art, that liſteneſt to my lay,
And feel'ſt thy ſoul aſſent to what I ſing,
Happy art thou if thou can'ſt call thy own
Such ſcenes as theſe; where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a ſcatter'd hoſt
Of antique oaks darken thy ſidelong hills;
While ruſhing through their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter through the gloom.
More happy ſtill, if one ſuperior rock
Bear on its brow the ſhiver'd fragment huge
Of ſome old Norman fortreſs; happier far,

Sketch takes this opportunity of making an apology to Mr. MASON for having *done into doggerel* ſome lines from the Engliſh Garden. However ill they may bear tranſplanting, there can be no doubt but that this burleſque kind of ſtyle beſt ſuited the intended purpoſe. It muſt be remarked by the way, that Mr. K. has probably never ſeen the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir W. CHAMBERS, or he would have been cautious how he meddled with thoſe *Tartar Maids* who have already been ſported with in a ſtyle of pleaſantry ſo much more vigorous, as to make his approaches appear rather tame. The author of the Landſcape ſtoops to animadvert upon the incorrectneſs of a metaphor in the Sketch, where his lyric attendant deſigns himſelf with great poetical hu-

Ah, then moſt happy, if thy vale below
Waſh, with the cryſtal coolneſs of its rills,
Some mouldering abbey's ivy-veſted wall.

LANDSCAPE, Book 2d.

Bleſs'd is the man in whoſe ſequeſter'd glade,
Some ancient abbey's walls diffuſe their ſhade;
With mouldering windows pierced, and turrets crown'd,
And pinnacles with clinging ivy bound.
Bleſs'd too is he, who, 'midſt his tufted trees,
Some ruin'd caſtles lofty towers ſees.
Imboſom'd high upon the mountain's brow,
Or nodding o'er the ſtream, that glides below.

mility "a literary Scrub." A paſſage in Mr. K.'s advertiſement proves that he has condeſcended to dip into ſome of the modern writers of comedy. Had he been as well acquainted with FARQUHAR as with FOOTE, it might have occurred to him that the character of Scrub is that of a lad of all work; and the expreſſion in the quoted ſtanza alludes to the various capacities, in which the Squire of the Sketch has offered his ſervices to the Knight of the Landſcape. In a future edition, if Mr. K. thinks proper to honour this trifle ſo far as to inſert a quotation, it is hoped he will ſet it down exactly as he finds it, without lopping off any part of the lines introduced. If it be all ſo very bad, no trouble need be taken to make it worſe.* The very elegant lines which cloſe the advertiſement, are indeed an excuſe for much *hauteur*. After ſuch a panegyrick, the voice of cenſure, or of ridicule, muſt ſound unuſually harſh in his ear. Had he ſoftened down the aſperities, not thoſe of his verſe, although the *limæ labor* would not be miſemployed here, but thoſe of his ſtyle; had he "borne his faculties more meekly"—the attempts of the Sketch, whether

* Compare Mr. K.'s quotation with the original.

bungling * or not, would never have come forward to rouſe his bile. An author, however, ſhould not forget that objects are viewed by the eye of friendſhip through a very deceitful medium. † Public criticiſm (which being pronounced without partiality is more to be depended upon) has ſpoken favourably of the merits of the Sketch.

——— Me quoque vatem
Dicunt paſtores, ſed non ego credulus illis.

Though flattered by their approbation, the author is not raiſed to ſuch a pitch of ſelf-importance, as to diſcharge his *vaſe* of foul epithets on all thoſe who do not find it to their taſte.

As one of the *little admirers* of BROWN's memory, the Writer of the Sketch will ſtill dare to place him, with all his imperfections, among thoſe worthies,

——— Qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

Notwithſtanding Mr. K. has been pleaſed to rank him with Mr. PRIGG the auctioneer. By way of contraſt, he will take the liberty of laying before the reader the

* Vide Advertiſement to 2d. Edition of the LANDSCAPE.

† Vide the ſeveral REVIEWS.

opinion of two men of acknowledged taſte and ſcience. However others may decide, the preſent writer muſt confeſs (ſuch are the charms of poliſhed language and genuine poetry) that he wiſhes to go aſtray with ſuch guides, if they have gone aſtray, rather than be rudely driven into the right road by the author of the Land-ſcape.

WALPOLE's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. 4th. "It was "fortunate for the country and Mr. KENT that he was "ſucceeded by a very able maſter; and did living artiſts "come within my plan, I ſhould be glad to do juſtice "to Mr. BROWN; but he may be a gainer by being "reſerved for ſome abler pen."

ENGLISH GARDEN, Book 1ſt.

"Him too, the living leader of thy powers
"Great Nature! him the Muſe ſhall hail in notes
"Which antidate the praiſe true genius claims
"From juſt Poſterity: Bards yet unborn
"Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fitlieſt paid
"In ſtrains, the beauty of his ſcenes inſpire."

A

SKETCH

FROM THE

LANDSCAPE.

Bold Knight, who ſallieſt forth in rhymes
Againſt the monſters of the times,
From Repton up to Brown, that thick ſot;
Well doſt thou theſe enchanters maul,
Like any Amadis de Gaul,
Orlando, Hudibras, or Quixote.

Their *Pegaſus* the Muſes grant ye,
All in the ſhape of *Roſinante*;
(A ſteady beaſt, though full of fire.)*
Whilſt thus with yon curſt crew you grapple,
O give me leave to mount on *Dapple*,
And follow as your truſty 'Squire.

* Thus Gray expreſſes the character of Dryden's poetry:
"Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
"Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
"Two courſers of ethereal race,
"With necks in thunder cloath'd and long reſounding pace."
Progress of Poesy.

If Metaphor from Med'cine pleaſes,*
Let's call theſe modiſh whims Diſeaſes:
  Your Muſe ſhall find I'll ſtill aſſiſt her.
Such humours ſhall receive no quarter;
You ſhall preſcribe --- I'll pound the mortar,
  Or mix ingredients for a glyſter.

With perriwig and pompous air,
You making all the people ſtare,
  About your noſtrums crack and vapour;
While on the ſtage you take your ſtand,
" Caſting the water of the land,"
  I'll as your Merry Andrew caper.

Now we'll begin: --- Oh! how I rage,
To ſee the folly of this age!

* The opening of THE LANDSCAPE is very rich in medical metaphor.

" For as the Doctor's wig, and pomp of face,
" Announce his knowledge of the patient's caſe,
" And harmleſs drugs, roll'd in a gilded pill,
" From Fancy get the pow'r to cure or kill;
" So our poor palliatives may chance t' acquire
" Some fame or favour from their gay attire;
" And learn to kill or cure that ſtrange diſeaſe,
" Which gives deformity the pow'r to pleaſe;
" And ſhews poor Nature, ſhaven and defac'd,
" To gratify the jaundic'd eye of taſte." LANDSCAPE, p. 1.

What connoiſſeur can bear it calmer?
How cropt and ſhorn poor Nature looks!
Smooth as our gracious S-v-----n's cooks,
Bare as the ſconce of MUIR and PALMER!*

How could theſe blockheads at her toilet †
Shave ſuch a charming head, and ſpoil it!
The blund'ring boobies, how I hate 'em!
Does not each mortal that ſurveys her,
Cry, Shame upon their barb'rous razor,
And bawl for bear's-greaſe and pomatum?

Another horrid imperfection ‡
Is the bald Goddeſs's complexion.

* When Meſſrs. MUIR and PALMER were taken on board the veſſel which was to conduct them upon their travels, it is ſaid they immediately underwent the operation of the razor; having been rather too hot-headed in the cool air of Scotland, it was probably thought right to take this precaution before they reached the tropical latitudes.

† "T' improve, adorn, and poliſh they profeſs,
"But ſhave the Goddeſs whom they came to dreſs."
LANDSCAPE, p. 16.

This ſhaving idea is very frequently repeated in THE LANDSCAPE, and it is hoped not unhappily imitated in THE SKETCH.

‡ The complaint of Nature's complexion occurs alſo very frequently; eternal green, everlaſting green, tawdry green—are the epithets beſtowed upon it; for example,

"But wrapt all o'er in everlaſting green,
"Make one dull, vapid, ſmooth, and tranquil ſcene."

Good judges all turn up their noſes!
She has the ſickneſs got, I ween,
By vulgar people chriſten'd Green,
But by ſage leeches term'd Chloroſis.

What's to be done? perhaps you'll ſay:---
Why, drive thoſe trimming knaves away,
Who in a ſtyle ſo ſhameful treat her.
Let me, by ſtrong examples, urge ye;
Shaving's no joke --- the Ruſſian clergy,*
To ſave their whiſkers, pull'd down PETER.

With worſe ſucceſs, but equal ire,†
Growling round G----E's kitchen fire,
Strove the plump men of roaſts and ſtews;
But not a nob could here withſtand
The ruthleſs tonſor's rapid hand;
Away went curls, and clubs, and queues!

* Of all the innovations and improvements planned by the unfortunate PETER the Third, the ſcheme of ſhaving the Clergy is ſuppoſed to be that which more immediately led to the revolution which placed the preſent illuſtrious Empreſs upon the throne of all the Ruſſias. A few days after this event, all the world knows he died *rather ſuddenly*.

† Vide THE LOUSIAD, by PETER PINDAR, Eſq.

Shave, then, no more, good friends, but friz
The lovely locks round Nature's phiz,
  The weedy honours of her head;
Let her not look ſo pale and ſick;
With freſh-plough'd fields, or walls of brick,*
  O "give her cheek a little red!"

Not e'en a mole ſhould loſe its briſtles;
(This is a figure, meaning thiſtles,
  Rank henbane, hemlock, nightſhade, nettle,
Such as old beldams, full of ſpite,
Are ſaid to cull, ſome pitch-dark night,
  To make a broth in *Hecate*'s kettle.)

That man ſhould walk, can Nature mean,
On prim-roll'd gravel fring'd with green?†

* Should it be objected that my original does not ſupport my recommendation of ploughed fields, it may be remarked that ſince "eternal green" is ſo often condemned, and the abſence of trimmed hedges lamented, freſh ploughed land *muſt* be a beauty. The downfall of the ancient walls is complained of in various paſſages.

† "Prim gravel walks, through which we winding go,
"In endleſs ſerpentines that nothing ſhow."

LANDSCAPE, p. 63.

No --- if I rightly underſtand her!
'Midſt brambles thick I'd rather chuſe
To trudge in dirt above my ſhoes,
Than in ſuch ſerpentines meander!

But, come, your nags I'd have you mount on,
And ſcour away with ſpeed to *D*-----*n*;*
There from your dreams you'll quickly waken:
To thoſe ſweet ſhades the Bard retires,
And there the Muſe his verſe inſpires,
Or elſe he's curſedly miſtaken.

However, firſt, attend my ſong,
And learn how much you're in the wrong
Upon the ſubject of approaches;
Whether your road a foot-path be,
Or made for folks of high degree,
Who loll luxurious in their coaches.

* "Your poet, too, in one dear favour'd ſpot,
"Shall ſhew your beauties are not quite forgot;
"Protect from all the ſacrilegious waſte
"Of falſe improvement, and pretended taſte,
"One tranquil vale; where oft, from care retir'd,
"He courts the Muſe, and thinks himſelf inſpir'd." LANDSCAPE, p. 18.

MASON (poor man! he's faſhion's ſlave)*
Says, Nature loves a gentle wave.
Such whimſies only make us ſmile:
He bids you mark the ſcudding hare---
The carter's careleſs track --- and where
The milkmaid trips from ſtile to ſtile.

The curious eye, at once, deſcries
Theſe curves all differ but in ſize;
In kindred form they all agree:
All Nature's various children trace
This path of beauty, eaſe and grace.
This ſtuff is MASON's---now hear *me*.

To ſave your ſhins 'mongſt rocks and briars,†
I'll give you leave to move in ſpires,

* I might here tranſcribe ſome lines from THE ENGLISH GARDEN, a Poem, which *has had* its admirers; but it is not worth while to *reſcue from oblivion* any part of a performance, that, upon the demolition of the CAPABILITY ſyſtem, muſt of courſe be conſigned to the trunk-makers. A few thoughts from it are already *embalmed* in THE LANDSCAPE, as the attentive reader of both will eaſily diſcover. The ſpoils of the vanquiſhed are certainly lawful prize; and where is the neceſſity of letting the world know the name of every paltry modern, who furniſhes a feather to the plume of the conqueror's helmet.

† " Nature in all rejects the pedant's chain;
" Which, binding beauty in its waving line,
" Deſtroys the charm it vainly would define;

Elſe keep a ſtraight and even line:*
For when you walk on ground that's level,
Pray, let me aſk you, who the d---l
Would friſk about in ſerpentine?

When dinner calls, pray tell me who
Would ride about to ſee a view?
This point fam'd REPTON is not good in.
I think I ſcarcely need to tell ye,
Proſpects ne'er fill the hungry belly,†
Sad ſubſtitutes for beef and pudding!

" For Nature ſtill irregular and free,
" Acts not by lines, but gen'ral ſympathy.
" The path that moves in even ſerpentine,
" Is ſtill leſs nat'ral than the pointed line:
" When o'er the level lawn you chance to ſtray,
" Nature and taſte direct the neareſt way;
" But when you traverſe rough uneven ground,
" Conſult your eaſe and you will oft go round." LANDSCAPE, p. 10.

* That Nature points out this right-lined approach upon occaſions of emergency, is evident from the example of the Land-Crab, which, in its progreſs to the ſea, where it goes annually to depoſit its ſpawn, deſcribes a ſtraight line with ſuch mathematical preciſion, as to go over all kinds of obſtacles rather than deviate from it.

Vide EDWARDS's HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

† " He" [the improver] " leads you many a tedious round,
" To ſhew th' extent of his employer's ground;
" Climbs o'er the hills, and to the vales deſcends;
" Then mounts again through lawn that never ends:

No --- in that caſe the man's a fool,
Who does not draw his path by rule;
I mean as ſtraight as e'er you pleaſe.
This our wiſe anceſtors well knew,
And ſtill, the neareſt way to ſhew,
They mark'd it with two rows of trees.

O days of yore! I muſt regret ye,*
When fine clipp'd yews, and mazes pretty,
Gave ev'ry ſcene ſome marking features!
Juſt as rich warts, and rubied pimples,
Are far more pictureſque than dimples,
On cheeks and chins of human creatures.

" But why not rather, at the porter's gate,
" Hang up a map of all my Lord's eſtate,
" Than give his hungry viſitors the pain
" To wander o'er ſo many miles in vain."

LANDSCAPE, p. 11.

* " To Heav'n devoutly I've addreſs'd my pray'r.—
" Again the moſs-grown terraces to raiſe,
" And ſpread the labyrinth's perplexing maze;
" Replace in even lines the ductile yew,
" And plant again the ancient avenue.
" Some features then, at leaſt, we ſhould obtain,
" To mark this flat, inſipid, waving plain;
" Some vary'd tints and forms would intervene,
" To break this uniform, eternal green."

LANDSCAPE, p. 23.

A little ſtiff, I'll fairly own,
Are terraces, and ſteps of ſtone,
And Cupids ſquirting in a baſon:
Yet theſe a thouſand times I'd rather
Than BROWN's eternal bruſh and lather,
Though prais'd by WALPOLE and by MASON.*

Much I lament theſe works of taſte!†
With ruthleſs, innovating waſte
Thou, daring BROWN, haſt overthrown 'em;
Yet will I try to teach this mad age,
Though forc'd to violate the adage,
De mortuis nihil niſi bonum.

O BROWN, thy crime is that of HAM!‡
Nature's our univerſal dam:

* *Vide* WALPOLE's ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, Vol. iv.—ENGLISH GARDEN.

† ——— "See yon fantaſtic band,
"With charts, pedometers, and rules in hand,
"Advance triumphant, and alike lay waſte
"The forms of nature, and the works of taſte!"
LANDSCAPE, p. 16.

‡ *Vide* GENESIS, chap. ix. v. 22. et ſeq.

Sad dogs, thy ſons, ſuch feats to brag on!
Thy meagre lawn can nothing hide;*
Thou ſhew'ſt our mother's t'other ſide,
Expos'd to ſhame with ſcarce a rag on.

The modeſt world exclaim, O fie!
And, viewing KNIGHT and me, they cry,
Some grace is left us, heav'n be thanked---
See SHEM and JAPHETH, pious pair,
Good luck betide their duteous care,
Who throw the poor old ſoul a blanket!

Death has mown thee---his heavy paw
Has ſwept thee down his deep ha-ha,

* "Hence, hence! thou haggard fiend, however call'd,
"Thin, meagre genius of the bare and bald;
"Thy ſpade and mattock here at once lay down,
"And follow to the tomb thy fav'rite BROWN:
"Thy fav'rite BROWN, whoſe innovating hand
"Firſt dealt thy curſes o'er this fertile land;
"Firſt taught the walk in formal ſpires to move,
"And from their haunts the ſecret Dryads drove."

LANDSCAPE, p. 17.

Thou great defacer of the nation!
Well did he uſe his ſcythe and broom!
And now, with glee, upon thy tomb
I'll pour a ſuitable libation.*

In *Greece* (this gives me room to ſay)†
Their veſſels, made of braſs or clay,
Seem'd ſketch'd by ſome great maſters' pencils;
Each ornament in proper place,
Their very Jordans boaſt a grace---
How much unlike our vile utenſils!

For, now-a-days, each jug and beaker---
Made for whatever kind of liquor,
Out of all ſorts of ſtuff---are plann'd ill;
You'll ſee from our dull workmen (rot 'em!)
No uniſon 'twixt top and bottom,
No harmony 'twixt ſpout and handle.

* *Vide* Vignette.

† If this little Epiſode, and the introduction of my *modern vaſe*, ſhould appear not ſufficiently connected with the principal ſubject, I hope the ancient Nipperkin in THE LANDSCAPE will ſhelter it from the peltings of the Critics. The ſubject itſelf certainly requires no apology, the ſame image having been lately employed in a great Aſſembly with ſo much *ſublimity* and *beauty*.

Old *Grecian* forms obtain applauſe:
Pray, now compare this modern vaſe---*
So lumpy, round, without expreſſion!
Is it not like a clump, a knoll or
Some ſwell juſt preſs'd by pond'rous roller? ---
I now return from my digreſſion.

Nature, I own a mother kind,
Yet to her faults I am not blind;
In her long work ſometimes ſhe dozes;
To make ſpruce firs, how ſtrange the whim,†
The upright larch, and poplar trim!
In theſe her ſkill ſhe much expoſes.

Since the good dame thought fit to ſend 'em,
We muſt do all we can to mend 'em,

* *Vide* Vignette.

† " O Harmony, once more from Heav'n deſcend!
" Mould the ſtiff lines, and the harſh colours blend;
" Baniſh the formal fir's unſocial ſhade,
" And crop th' aſpiring larch's ſaucy head."

LANDSCAPE, p. 54.

Again, — " Something is more requir'd than ſize and height,
" Which, ſhewn in ſhapes, thus formal, thin, and tall,
" Make us regret they ever grew at all."

LANDSCAPE, p. 62.

And make their ſtiff, hard outlines fainter;
Good hits by cropping, browſing, breaking,
Perhaps we ſtand ſome chance of making,
As with his ſponge the old *Greek* painter.

PAYNE bluſters for the Rights of Man;
Of Woman, on the ſame bold plan,
The fair Miſs WOOLSTONCROFT does prattle:
I truſt your patience to be heard,
Whilſt ſoftly *I* put in a word
In favour of the Rights of *Cattle.*

To mould the fir, of form ſo ſtarch,
To crop th' aſpiring, ſaucy larch,
O men of clump, ye greatly need 'em;
For this, O let 'em not be found
In durance vile, yclep'd a pound:
They'll give you grace, O give them freedom.

Much, too, the free-born Muſe bewails
Thoſe curs'd deſpotic things call'd pales,

Which bar theſe commoners from browſing:
Ye ruſtic Nymphs! hedge-breaking laſſes!*
Oh! tear 'em up---drive horſes, aſſes,
Pigs, goats, ſheep, oxen, calves and cows in.

Curſe on the ſhrubbery's dull round!†
This then, good folks, is *pleaſure ground!*
To *Bedlam* rather let me travel,
Than here in endleſs windings view
Diſcordant tints of glaring hue,
And walk tormented by the gravel!

* "But ah! how diff'rent is the formal lump
"Which the improver plants and calls a clump!
"Break, break, ye nymphs, the fence that guards it round!
"With browſing cattle, all its forms confound!"

LANDSCAPE, p. 25.

† "Curſe on the ſhrubbery's inſipid ſcenes!
"Of tawdry fringe encircling vapid greens!
* * * * * * *
—— "Tir'd, I aſk, *Why this eternal round?*
"And the pert gard'ner ſays, *'Tis pleaſure ground.*
"*This pleaſure ground!* aſtoniſh'd I exclaim,
"*To me Moorfields as well deſerves the name;*
"Nay better."—

LANDSCAPE, p. 63.

O how I wiſh that Madam Nature
Would take a hint from great SALVATOR;*
How ſhocking are her tawdry greens!
Trees without ſyſtem, claſs, or genus,
As well would ornament and ſcreen us---
Her works would *then* be like POUSSIN's!

Yet ſome (I think not over wiſe)†
The miniatures of Nature prize.
Such will her ſmalleſt volumes read;
On ſtamina and pointals pore,
And in the flowrets diſk explore
The labours of the patient *Swede*.‡

From all the vegetable reign
They cull bright FLORA's bluſhing train;

* In a note of THE LANDSCAPE, p. 60, it is obſerved that SALVATOR ROSA never aims at variety, but contents himſelf with one ſort of tree only; and we are afterwards told that NIC. POUSSIN's trees are ſtill more generalized—he never condeſcending to mark the diſtinctive characters of any individual ſpecies.

† Query, Is not this the reaſon why Botaniſts were formerly called *Simplers*?

‡ LINNÆUS.

'Midſt ſober green the glowing tints they ſpread;
Sweet Nature's form they then believe
More fair, and fondly think they weave
A graceful chaplet round her head.

Hence with ſuch baubles --- now I ſwear*
That flaunting FLORA's gaudy glare
May charm the dull *Chineſe* or *Hindoo*;
But here the jade is only fit,
'Midſt ſmoaky ſtreets, to pleaſe a cit
In bowpots at the cockney's window.

* "But better are theſe gaudy ſcenes diſplay'd
"From the high terrace or rich baluſtrade;
"'Midſt ſculptur'd founts and vaſes, that diffuſe,
"In ſhapes fantaſtic, their concordant hues;
"Than on the ſwelling ſlopes of waving ground,
"Which now the ſolitary houſe ſurround."

LANDSCAPE, p. 62.

THUS, doughty KNIGHT, from thy rich theme
I hope I've nicely ſkimm'd the cream;
(I'm a mere literary ſcrub:)
What a rare diſh for *cognoſcenti!*
So, Sirs, I'll venture to preſent ye
With a whipt ſyllabub.

Now peering with prophetic eye,
I ſee BROWN's thread-bare genius fly.---
Like tail-burnt dog, he ſeeks his den!
Rollers are ſunk, ſcythes break, clumps fall,*
REPTON *and Co.* ſhall, one and all,
Cry, "Chaos comes again!"

Triumphant KNIGHT! to give thy name
A paſſport to immortal fame,

* According to the ſpirited apoſtrophe of the Poet—
——— "Ye rural nymphs, oppoſe
"Nature's and Art's confederated foes!
"Break their fell ſcythes that would theſe beauties ſhave,
"And ſink their iron rollers in the wave!"
LANDSCAPE, p. 32.

What ſhall the grateful world agree on?
Britain in ſtore has peerage, penſion;
France might give "honourable mention,"
Or ſend thy bones to her *Pantheon*.

Let *France* be-praiſe her *Sans Culottes*---
For gain let Stateſmen ſtrain their throats,
Keep Coronets for empty noddles---
Such modern gewgaws we deſpiſe,
To *Greece* we turn our claſſic eyes---
Greece, Greece preſents the beſt of models!

Are not thy well-earn'd glories vaſter
Than thoſe of *Theſeus, Pollux, Caſtor*---
Herculean labours yield to thine.
Then, if the world my voice will liſt to,
Each avenue, parterre, and viſto,
Shall ſhew thy honours all divine,

Thy ſtatue of Coloſſal ſize,
In ductile yew, ſhall nobly riſe---

(Think not thy modeſty ſhall 'ſcape us)*
The *God of Gardens* thou ſhalt ſtand,
To fright improvers from the land,†
A huge and terrible *Priapus.*

* This alludes to the delicacy, or *mauvaiſe honte*, as the *French* would call it, of a late celebrated character, which prevented his friends from erecting a ſtatue to his honour in St. George's Fields.

† —— " Deus inde ego *furum*—
" Maxima formido."— HORACE, Sat. 8. lib. 1.
Such being a principal part of the office aſſigned to the God of Gardens, the Author of THE LANDSCAPE will allow *fures* to be tranſlated *improvers*; and, it is thought, he can have no objection to the propoſed apotheoſis.

POSTSCRIPT.

If a word in ſober ſadneſs may be permitted to cloſe a long train of ſportive irony, let it expreſs a wiſh that no part of this *jeu d'eſprit* may give ſerious offence to a writer, whoſe learning always merits reſpect, and whoſe taſte often claims approbation. Nevertheleſs, very few, probably, will be convinced, by his Poetry, that the old ſtyle of laying out grounds was "negatively good."

Thoſe who think, on the contrary, that it was *poſitively bad*; who look up with reverence to the memory of Brown, as the great deſtroyer of an unnatural and abſurd ſyſtem, will feel with indignation an injury offered to his aſhes. This ſentiment produced the preſent haſty Sketch---

——— In celeres Iambos
Miſit furentem.

It is a hard fate that early reformers meet with in theſe times; the deſtroyers of yew-tree giants in *England*, like thoſe who firſt overthrew tyranny in *France*, are equally *denounced* by their more daring ſucceſſors.

The living profeſſors of the art are able to fight their own battles: to *them* it is a very *ſerious* warfare; for ſhould the doctrines of THE LANDSCAPE become prevalent, they may borrow another exclamation from *Othello*, and with great truth cry out that their

"Occupation's gone!"

SINCE the preceding pages were written, Mr. PRICE's Eſſay has been publiſhed. It is ſo intimately connected with my ſubject, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of adding a few obſervations upon it.

I am ready to acknowledge, that this Gentleman has marked out the limits of the *Pictureſque* and *Beautiful* with as much preciſion as the nature of that *debateable ground* ſeems to admit; his manner of doing it, cannot be better characterized than in his own language. He is "full of unexpected turns, of flaſhes of light: objects "the moſt familiar are placed by him in ſuch ſingular, "yet natural points of view,---he ſtrikes out ſuch un- "thought-of agreements and contraſts --- ſuch combi-

" nations ſo little obvious, yet never forced or affected,
" that the attention cannot flag; but, from the delight
" of what is paſſed, we eagerly liſten for what is to
" come." Such an aſſailant is truly formidable. But if it was reſerved for him to lay down better precepts; if he is the firſt who has properly invoked the rural Graces *ſolutis zonis*, why ſhould poor BROWN, who made way for them by the deſtruction of the formal and the ugly, meet with ſuch harſh, ſuch very ſevere criticiſm? Would it not be more juſt, as well as candid, to detect his errors, but at the ſame time give him his due ſhare of praiſe? The whole liſt of crimes committed by this great culprit in the regions of taſte, and for which he is now impeached at the bar of the public, may be comprized in one article, viz. that he made the Beautiful his ſole aim, without ſufficiently attending to the Pictureſque. If his merits ſhould not be thought a complete *ſet off*, to balance this defect, I would ſhortly urge in his defence, that the higher ſtyle of the Pictureſque is not much in the power of the Improver. For example, the landſcapes of RUBENS are admired in the Eſſay for being full of the pictureſque accidents of Nature; among theſe, the moſt ſtriking are, " the effects of thunder and
" lightning, torrents rolling down, trees torn up by the
" roots, and the dead bodies of men and animals." Mr. P. has given a pleaſant caricature of an Improver working

upon a picture of CLAUDE. A picturesque Imitator of RUBENS, attempting to transfer these accompaniments from the canvass to Nature, might be sketched by way of companion, with features no less ridiculous. In gardening, I conceive, we must only hope for the picturesque in the wilder parts of the scene; and here Art must tread

" With unsandal'd foot,
" Printless, as though the place were holy ground."

It is the *Beautiful,* which is more within the reach of the Improver. This is surely to be found in the undulating play of smooth verdure, in the contrast of different trees happily disposed, and in the endless variety of foliage and flowers of humbler growth. All these circumstances are charming in reality, though they may not furnish good subjects for the pencil. The fastidious eye, which turns from such a scene with disgust, because there is no temptation to take out the sketch-book, is, I think, not much to be envied. Hollow lanes, "ruts and rubbish," burdock and thistles, produce a very pleasing effect in their proper places; an exuberant beard is also a most picturesque ornament to the human countenance; but *shaven* turf and "prim gravel walks," like a smooth chin, are sacrifices to *the comfortable* (a principle not totally to be forgotten in laying out grounds,) which, I apprehend, cannot well be avoided; and even these, if

Mr. P.'s remarks with regard to avoiding monotony be attended to, are in themſelves by no means deſtitute of beauty.

Let me conclude my "*proſing*" by aſking, why are the purchaſers of "ready-made taſte" to be treated ſo contemptuouſly? If all "whom Heaven has bleſſed with affluence," (according to the newſpaper phraſe) were alſo endowed with Mr. P.'s genius, the ſlop-ſhops of *Capability* might perhaps as well be ſhut up. Yet even here the experienced Artiſt might ſometimes be conſulted with advantage. But are there no wealthy characters, who, having for the beſt part of their days been

"In populous cities pent,"

retire from their ſhops and counting-houſes, to ſome newly purchaſed eſtate in the country, *ſtung* by the raging love of improving? May we not find here and there a fox-hunting 'Squire, with no very accurate ideas of the pictureſque and beautiful, who is at the ſame time *goaded* on by the deſire of imitating his more taſteful neighbours? In theſe caſes, and ſome others, I am inclined to think, that "ready-made taſte" is a great public benefit. Although, like "ready-made love," it may not give the purchaſer ſuch genuine pleaſure, as where the finer feelings of the ſoul are called into action, yet it muſt ſurely be infinitely preferable to the *unnatural extravagances* theſe deſperate amateurs might be reduced

to, without the aid of this *Venus parabilis* to give their paſſion a proper direction.

Let the Art, then, continue to be cultivated, and encouraged by the Public *as a profeſſion*; let thoſe favoured minds, who, like Mr. P. feel themſelves capable of inſtructing the Artiſts themſelves, candidly impart their ideas; but let them not hold up to ridicule an employment, which appears to be the only means of diffuſing wide the bleſſing of rural beauty,

" Till Albion ſmile
" One ample theatre of ſylvan grace."